HOME READING.

"Improved by an Architect."

AS TOLD BY THE OLD GARDENER.

I's glad to see ye again, sir. They said as you'd gone away
Shootin' halligators, down south in Florriday,
An' that was the occupation that you was in, they says,
An' a smokin' of cigarrettas an' a-heatin' of hor-ranges.

We're about the same, though we hain't in the same old spot
Where I 'ad the hearly roses an' a weedin' the garden-plot,
Hit were a little place, but yer father's a gettin' old,
An' somehow 'e would 'ave it, an' the hother place was sold.
Ye wanted, 'e said, a quiet life an' a bit of a garden free,
So we hemmigrated a year ago, him an' yer mar an' me.

Who bought it? Why, didn't ye know? That French lookin' thing, wi' the 'air—
Sort o' that's the color of hoakum. She 'ad the money to spare,
An' she ses "If twenty thousand is what you ask me, Squire,
I'll take it 'ere an' now, and you may call me the buyer."

Ye know the trees there was on it, the happles an' plums an' all,
The earliest fruits an' the latest, and the chestnuts in the Fall;
An' yer father's horders forever, these was 'is very words:
"Let 'em ask for what falls hover the fence an' never you scare the birds."
Ye know the cherries an' grapes there was, and 'ow on the lawn there grew
That big cucumber poplar, as was well nigh three foot through.
Well, she's downed 'em all, an' the haxes was ringing day after day;
She didn't seem to be 'appy till she 'ad 'em cut away.

The ... ye used to climb, an' the hox 'eart cherries ye et,
(... if ever you once come 'ome, you'd find 'em standin' yet),
Every one on 'em gone, an' the one wi' the nest on the limb—
... yer mother's hidol—I'd like if they'd not took 'im;
... takes years, like a man does, a-gettin' 'is 'elth an' stren'th,
... chopper, 'e chops it in 'alf a day an' cuts it to hany len'th.

When you was a baby, Master Tom, they'd lay ye down on the grass,
An' you'd clap yer 'ands an' crow when you'd see the pigeons pass;
An' you from yer rug a-lookin' up, as I used to see ye there,
Was a kind of a stranded hangel a-kickin' out in the hair;
But the trees that was over yer 'ed an' kep' the sun from yer eyes,
The cook she's got 'em splitted up an' they're a-bakin' 'er pies.

An' when you was growin' older, I've oft'n seen yer mar
A-sittin' there in the open door, right back where the flowers ar';
An' she was a-gazin' an' dreamin' an' lookin' down over the beds
Where the 'yacinths was a-bloomin' an' the tulips was yellers an' reds;
Or where the chiny oysters an' vi'lets stood around
A mussin' a sort of company for the hother things was in the ground.

An' there was the trees in blossom, a-droppin' like flakes o' snow;
An' lilies o' the valley a-sproutin' so thick they could 'ardly grow;
An' the birds a-singin' an' flyin'; an' yet it was very queer
On the busiest streets of all the town was always runnin' near,
But hout in our back garden, when I was a-weedin' a while,
I never thought that another soul was nearer than 'alf a mile.

An' there was the pinies, an' spiderwort, an' lots of old-fashioned plants;
An' a wake-robin round by the window, where the locusses tore your pants;
An' roses white an' yeller; an' bushes of every kind;
An' flowers from the woods ye put there, the hoddest that you could find.

Well what do you think she done wi' that? Why, plowed it hutterly hup!
An' this 'ere very instant that ugly Hinglish pup,
As true as I'm a-standin' 'ere, is prettier to 'er eye
Than all the flower-gardens as you or me can spy.

Perhaps you recollects the kitchen-garden below.
Where every think from roses down, 'ad leave to blow an' grow.
The hearth in that there garden was meller to the tread,
An' it wasn't like the 'alf of work to raise yer daily bread;
But that's all scraped an' leveled—at least, that's what was said—
An' I'd like to a-leveled a gun, I would, at that there harchitect's 'ed.

For 'e 'asn't left 'a smitch or a speck of all the 'ouse you knew;
An' they've sodded the walk by the side o' the fence, where the double vi'lets grew;
An' the barn isn't where it used to be—it's a fine brick stable now,
An' ye can't creep in there any more, to 'unt for eggs in the mow.

She's been "modernisin' it," so they ses, an' people stands an' stares,
An' thinks the 'ouse is helligant, along of its foreign airs;
An' yer father, 'e won't go near it, and yer mar, she's just as bad—
She ses it's the 'ome of 'er hearly days, the place where 'er 'art was glad;
And all the 'ills and 'ollers, as made the quiet there.
They've hironed 'em out with a roller an' flattened 'em every where.

But yer mar, she's got the 'oneysuckle afore the stock was dead,
An' she's got a bit o' the trumpet-vine from back o' the door o' the shed;
An' she sent me in with a basket, to ask for some bulbs an' shoots,
An' I got some o' them day-lilies an' some o' the vi'let roots.

An' that there woman as owns the place was watchin' the harchitect
A-puttin' a picture 'ere or a-'angin' a glass correct;
An' I believe as the stories they used to tell are true,
Oh the Devil would give ye a 'oard of gold if you'd do as 'e told ye to;
For now I've seen it an' known it an' I know 'ow to expect
The ruin as comes from them as sells theirselves to a harchitect!

—*Samuel W. Duffield, in the Independant.*

Sambo.

[Translated for The Citizen, from Paris in America.]

At seven o'clock, according to custom, a servant entered my room and brought me the newspaper. He opened the windows and drew the shades; the sunlight and fresh air gave me a most agreeable sensation. I turned my head toward the light; horror! my hair stood on end, I had not strength enough to cry out.

By me stood a negro, smiling and dancing with teeth like piano keys, and two enormous red lips that hid his nose and his chin. Dressed all in white, as if he were afraid of not appearing black enough, the animal approached me, nodding his frizzled head and rolling his great eyes. "Massa slept well," said he. "Sambo's very glad."

To dispel this nightmare I closed my eyes, my heart beating as if it would burst. When I dared open them again I was alone. To jump out of bed, to run to the window, to feel my head and arms, took only an instant.

In front of me was a row of small buildings, three printing offices, six journals, posters everywhere. In the street, busy, silent people hastening along with their hands in their pockets, probably so as to conceal revolvers; no noise, no cries, no idlers, no cigars, no cafes, and as far as my eye could reach, not a town officer, not a policeman! It was done, I was in America, unknown, alone, in a country without government, without law, without an army, without police, in the midst of an uncivilized, violent and coveteous people. I was lost! More abandoned, more desolate, than Robinson after his shipwreck, I let myself drop into an easy chair that at once began to move with me.

I arose, trembling, I looked in the glass. Alas! I no longer recognized myself. Before me stood a thin man, with a bald forehead, sprinkled with a few red hairs, and a pale face framed with bright straggling locks of hair fluttering about his shoulders. Thus had malicious fate treated a Parisian of the chaussie d'Autin!

I was pale, my teeth chattered, the chill went to the marrow of my bones. "Be a man," I cried. "You have a family and a French name to sustain; adversity makes heroes."

I wished to call a servant, no bell. I perceived a copper button, that I pressed accidentally. Suddenly Sambo appeared, like one of those imps that jump out of a box, and stuck out his tongue by way of greeting.

"Some fire," I demanded, "bring me fire; I want fire in the fireplace."

"Massa has no matches, then," said Sambo, showing me a box placed on the mantel. "Perhaps Massa cannot stoop," added he in an ironical tone. Then turning a screw at the base of the mantel and passing a lighted match over a bronze log, he made a thousand tongues of flame jet out from it.

"Is it permitted," cried he on leaving, "to so disturb a poor negro who is sunning himself?"

"Uncivilized people," I exclaimed, drawing near the fire and feeling revived with the pleasant, uniform heat, "who have neither shovels, nor tongs, nor bellows, nor charcoal, nor smoke; barbarians, who do not even understand the pleasure of stirring a fire! To turn a screw to light, to extinguish, or to regulate a fire, truely, that is the work of a race without poetry, a race that leaves nothing to chance, and that is afraid to lose a minute, because time is money."

Once warmed, I thought of my toilet. I had before me a mahogany table, overloaded with swans heads in copper and other ornaments in as bad taste. On this table was a profusion of brushes, sponges, soap, vinegars, pomades etc., but not a drop of water. I pushed the button again, Sambo reappeared in a worse temper than when he left. "Hot water and cold water for my toilet; quick, I am in a hurry,"

"This is too much," grumbled Sambo. "Massa cannot turn the faucet for hot water and the faucet for cold water that are there in the corner. On my honor, I will give warning, I cannot remain in service to a master who cannot see clearly." And he went off shutting the door in my face.

"Hot water anytime and everywhere; that is convenient," thought I, "but it is the invention of people who think only of their comfort. Thank God that we do not do. There will be a century or two before noble France condescends to such an excess of luxury, to such effeminate cleanliness."

Nothing freshens one's ideas like shaving. Having accomplished this, I felt like another person. I began even to be reconciled to my long face and projecting teeth.

"If I could take a bath," I said to myself, "I might be perfectly calm. I certainly would have more courage to face my wife and children. Perhaps they are no less changed than I."

I rang, Sambo came with an overcast countenance.

"My friend, where is there a bathing establishment in town? Show me the way."

"A bathing establishment, Massa, what for?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Stupid, to take a bath, evidently."

"Massa wants a bath," said Sambo with a look of surprise mixed with horror "Did Massa call me from the bottom of the garden for that?"

"Without doubt."

"It is too much," cried the negro, clutching a fistful of hair. "Why! there is a bathroom by the side of every sleeping room, and Massa has made Sambo come up stairs to ask him, 'my friend, where can a bath be taken?' An American does not ridicule anyone that way." And pushing open a small door hidden by a curtain, the negro showed me an elegant closet containing a marble bathtub. "Come, Sambo," he sang out in a voice both furious and comical. "Turn the faucet for Massa, the hot water faucet and the cold water faucet; prepare the bath, air the linen; be a nurse, Sambo. Massa does not know how to use his hands."

I could only keep silent. I let Sambo vent his fury, not wishing to see him put out his tongue at me. But under my breath I cursed these horrible American houses, unsociable dwellings, veritable prisons, from which one cannot go out, since in them, under one's hand, are found all those things that in Paris we have the pleasure of getting outside, at much expense, it is true, but at a great distance.

A Habit Some Parents Have.

"Mother, is it right fur a person to try to make a person believe something that he doesn't believe?"

"No, son."

"Well, then, why do you try to make me believe it's right when any one rings the door bell to go and peep out the winder and see who it is, and if it's sich and sich a one to tell her you're not in?"

"Well, that's a different thing."

"Oh, yes, you always say 'that's a different thing' when you git beat."

Rural hospitality—"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

IN the social circles of the chicken-yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.

Pen Pictures of Presidential Candidates.

(Washington Correspondence of the Christian Union.)

It is a very respectable list of names which is presented for Presidential candidates, and thoroughly democratic. Look at them for a moment. Here is Mr. Arthur, a trifle ruddier and stouter than when he was Collector at New York. He wears the same fashionable clothes, and his hat never can get well back on his head. Looks like a man who enjoyed a fast horse and a good dinner, but, after all, a careful President, and very appreciative of the etiquette of his office. His father, fifty years ago, was a poor, struggling Baptist preacher up in Vermont. The years when parson Arthur received five hundred dollars were favorable ones. Later, when he had drifted down into New York, his circumstances became better, and the boy never realized actual poverty. Still, it was a frugal household, full of kindly homeliness and simplicity, as good Dr. Gregory of the Civil Service Commission tells me, for he used, when a senior in college, to go over to the minister's house and sing psalm tunes with the girls of a Sabbath evening. And if Mr. Arthur, influenced by his wife, became an Episcopalian, and more worldly than his pious father, he has never lost the good impulses of his youth. He may have done some indiscreet things, but they have been errors of the head. I do not believe he would do anything which he saw was wrong. The Irish blood crops out occasionally, but in general the President keeps a very good control over himself. Naturally, he is a happy man, looks on the bright side. He knows that he cannot be re-elected President, but it does not sour him. It may worry a trifle, but no signs are shown. He is enjoying life, breathing in great draughts of comfort, and when he leaves the White House it will not be to mope, but again to enter active life. The Presidency was an altogether unexpected gift. He has taken it philosophically, and used it well.

Of Blaine. Occasionally I meet him in the street; not so often as formerly, when his springing step took him all over the city without thought of fatigue. His book and his disappointments of the past few years combine to keep him at home. Blaine never has been so happy as in those years when as Speaker he had everything before him. Now he realizes that he has touched his highest point, and his restless, ambitious spirit is dissatisfied. He was great in success, but failure lays a heavy hand upon him. What a career he has had! A poor boy, of indomitable will and courage, he worked his way through one of the small Pennsylvania colleges, taught school for a while, and met a young lady from Augusta, Maine. He followed her home, and at twelve dollars per week began as local reporter upon the local paper. I have been in the office, a little room directly over the Kennebec, for the main street of Augusta runs so near the river that the buildings project over it. Winters the young man reported the proceedings of the Legislature. In two years he knew more about parliamentary law than the speaker, then he was elected a member, became speaker, and early in the war was elected to Congress. Such a man is certain to make friends. Before he had been in Washington four years he was one of the most popular members. He never forgot a face or betrayed a friend. He grew rich. Jealousy arose against him. His fight withConkling and his famous attack on Massachusetts made him enemies who have followed him unrelentingly. With liberal instincts, he never could be brought to endorse the force bills of the Grant period, and so the Stalwarts fell out with him. Their opposition twice has prevented his being President. Just now the old dispute over his honesty has been revived; it was a mistake to bring it up. Just enough can be shown to give his transactions a shadowy suspicion. Although no follower of Blaine's, I do not believe that he was ever deliberately dishonest. His perceptions of exact propriety may not be over fine, but that any money transaction ever influenced his vote is not probable. He wanted to be rich, and his friends constantly gave him ideas how to buy securities. Rich men in Maine, like ex-Governor Coburn, loaned him what he needed, and some fortunate speculations followed. He has a knack of accretion, and the days after the war were palmy ones. And yet his wealth is much less than many suppose. He is not worth a third of a million to-day. But the suspicion is abroad, and it will never be erased. Blaine is too much of a power not to be of use to the country. If only his brilliancy had not been so glittering and his desire for dramatic action so great, he might have been a great foreign secretary or President. He probably will be neither; but it is not fair nor honest to accuse him of dishonesty. A little more Puritan, avoiding even the appearance of evil, in him would have made the most successful public man of the day.

Vastly different is the calm style of Senator Edmunds' life. He looks older than he is. The bent figure, white hair and beard, and solemn voice betoken a man of age. But he is young, ranking with Messrs. Frye, Hoar and Hawley. Mr. Edmunds is never off his guard. He was never known to do a foolish thing. So self-possessed is he that it would be a relief to see him once make a little mistake and so have a chance to correct himself. The very opposite of Blaine; much liked by a few, but rather feared by the many. Blaine likes to entertain, rejoice in great dinners, dresses well, would like always to be in the public eye. Edmunds lives quitely, has small parties over a pleasant table, wears an old hat. Meet him anywhere and he is the courtly, elegant gentleman, equal to any occasion. His father and mother were plain people, small Vermont farmers of the best stamp. The son, a thoughtful boy, they sent him to school, but not to college. Some discussion was had in the family about his being a doctor, but it came to nothing, and he went to Burlington to study law. In all New England there is no more cultivated place than Burlington, with its University, whose corner-stone Lafayette laid, and its refined society. To this day a subtle fragrance hangs over the town. Its bar is made up of wits; its library, statues, and hospital are indicative of liberality and taste. It was the atmosphere in which young Edmunds would thrive, and in time he came to be a great lawyer. Being a Republican, politics were open to him. Another young attorney of the town, Edward J. Phelps, the most brilliant man in New England to-day, was debarred therefrom because he was a Democrat; but to Edmunds every honor came almost unsought. Added to a great law practice, easily netting him twenty thousand dollars a year from his arguments in the Supreme Court, he has been undisturbed by financial pressure. A man of his habits will always save money; and I have no doubt that he is worth as much as Blaine. At home in Burlington the people set him down so. He is not liberal, not popular, but respected. His law, his books, his study of international law, make up a well-balanced life, such as is only possible to a man who is out of the whirl of a great city, far from the anxieties of politics, at liberty to cultivate himself, and still self-made. One of the most practical of people, careful of the pennies, having no sympathy with over-zealous reformers, an admirer of Conkling, a follower of General Grant, a believer in old ways, he is the idol of those from whom he is the opposite, because they have faith in his stability and judgment.

Take the others—Lincoln, Harrison, Hawley. Lincoln was a President's son and a graduate of Harvard. But he was born in a Democratic home, and never had other surroundings. To-day he is simple, unassuming, modest. He lives quietly with his family. His wife was gentle Mary Harlan, whose father was an Iowa Senator during the war. Lincoln is a stoutly built man, with deep chest, strong limbs, and heavy brown beard. Go into his office at the War Department, and he meets you with hearty frankness. There is nothing concealed about him. He is not so able a man as either Blaine or Edmunds. But he is thoroughly trustworthy, and ambitious to do right. His associations are good, and those who know him best vouch for his future. Harrison's family is illustrious. His great-grandfather was Governor of Virginia in the last century; his grandfather was President. His father was an active man, but not rich, and young Ben was forced to work for his education. When the war broke out he was a young lawyer, with money enough saved to buy him a house, and that was all. Then he went to the war, rose to be a general, and only came home when the war had closed. The Republicans of Indiana have made him their leader. He is as clean as the day, an able lawyer, against whom no unkind word is ever said, and a typical Western man of the best description. Hawley has in him essential qualities for success. Although born in North Carolina, his father was a New England man, and he has lived in Connecticut since he was thirteen years old. In the war he rose from a lieutenancy to be a major general, has been Governor, and in both branches of Congress. His management of the Centennial Exhibition shows what an executive he is, and as the editor of an influential newspaper he has learned to appreciate and respect public sentiment.

Uncle Sam's Business.

INTERESTING AND CURIOUS ITEMS CONCERNING GOVERNMENT WORK AND ITS METHODS.

Next to the President of the United States the best paid Federal official is the Clerk of the Supreme Court.

The States of Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Rhode Island and Vermont have less than one-half the population of Illinois, but have the same number of representatives in Congress—22.

Pennsylvania has a larger number of post offices than any other State.

Not a clerk in the Pension office in this city draws less than $1,000 a year salary, the average for the 1,173 clerks being $1,294.

Even the copyists get $900 a year. The clerks have light labor and short hours. The average salary of the railway post-office clerk throughout the country is only $977 a year. These men work hard, at the most trying labor, and long hours.

Eighty years ago North Carolina had as many representatives in Congress as New York. North Carolina now has nine, or one less than she had in 1800, while New York has thirty-four.

There are 419 type-setters, besides apprentices in the Government printing office.

Estimating Congress to be in session 200 days a year, the salaries of Senators and Represantatives amount to about $10,000 a day.

The State of Nevada which has one Representive and two Senators in Congress, has not so large a population by 647 souls as the city of New Haven, Conn.

A number of the United States Senate's employees are put down on the records as 'skilled laborers,' and draw pay at $1,000 a year, while those who are merely 'unskilled laborers,' get $840 a year. The distinction between the two is in the kinds of brooms they manipulate. The 'skilled' laborer uses a common broom to sweep stone flagging, while the 'unskilled' laborer wields a coarse broom in sweeping carriage-ways.

During the past ten years the Government has expended nearly $70,000,000 in caring for the Indians. The total number of Indians attached to agencies is only 248,000, and of these, 60,000 in Indian Territory, 7,800 in Wisconsin, and 5,000 in New York, are supposed to be self-supporting.

Last year the Post-office Department used $11,000 worth of ink for stamping and cancelling letters.

The five States of Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Nevada and Oregon combined have not so great a population by about 100,000 souls as the city of New York. Yet New York City has but eight Representatives in Congress, while the five States have sixteen besides their ten Senators.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, the Government's disbursements for pensions reached a sum which exceeds by six millions of dollars the disbursements for all purposes in the year 1860.

There are in the railway mail service fifteen clerks who draw a salary of $12 a year each.

From the five States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts and Ohio, the Government derives one-half of all its postal revenues.

Last year the Government paid for several copies of Puck for the use of department officials.

The Government expended $41,228.66 last year for 'North American Ethnology' for the Smithsonian Institute.

It costs $30,000 a year to light the capitol and grounds.

More than one-half of the internal revenue receipts of the Government comes from the four States of New York, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky.

To wait upon the 74 Senators there are 242 employees, not counting police, watchmen and librarians.

Virginia now has the same number of Congressmen she had in 1790, when there were but 65 members of the House.

There are several post offices in the country at which the annual salary of the postmaster is only $1.

Postal cards cost the Government 54 cents and 4 mills per thousand.

'Five hundred and eighty-nine dollars for wines, liquors and mineral waters for use of Board of Visitors to Naval Academy,' is an item of last year's expenditures of the Government.

The Pension Office spends more than $60,000,000 a year investigating alleged pension frauds.

At the Signal Service training school, Arlington Heights, the students of meteorogy, barometers and anemometers are compelled to leave their study tables in the exact centre of the room, their bunks in a certain position in a certain corner, their coats hung on certain nails, and their text books piled up in a certain manner before retiring for the night. These and a hundred more similar regulations being prescribed 'by order of the Chief Signal Officer.' The Sunday dinner is coffee, bread and dried apples stewed.

After having expended more than a hundred millions of dollars upon its buildings in this District, the Government finds itself paying nearly $6,000 a month for rent of private buildings.

The Post-office Department uses $80,000 worth of wrapping twine a year.

The thirteen States of Aakansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon Rhode Island, Vermont and West Virginia, with an aggregate population which does not exceed that of New York alone, have twenty-six United States Senators to New York's two.

California, with less than half the population of Indiana, pays the Government more money for postal service.

Among the expenditures of the Government last year was an item: "For manufacturing medals, $21,498.23."

It costs the Government $180,000 a year to maintain lights and buoys in the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

Two-fifths of all the newspapers and periodicals sent through the mails by publishers at pound rates are mailed at New York City.

Nineteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars of the public fund was recently expended for "machinery and experiments in the manufacture of sugar."

To supply public buildings throughout the country with fuel, light and water requires an expenditure of $1,000 a day.

Seven hundred and fifty persons are constantly employed by the two Houses of Congress, while in session, in and about the Capitol.

The Government has sold more than two hundred million dollars worth of public lands in eighty years

In the last twenty years the Government has paid for interest on the public debt the enormous sum of $2,080,000,000, a sum which would defray all the expenses of the Government, excepting interest on the public debt, for nearly nine years to come, at the present rate of expenditure; and for nearly thirty-five years if expenses could be limited to what they were in 1860.—*Washington Correspondent N. Y. Sun.*

In a Sleeping Car.

A traveller relating his experience in a sleeping car says he awoke to find his bald head against the window, and his feet out in the aisle in the nickl-plated cuspidore, and the car was colder than a refrigerator while he had only a single blanket no thicker than a sheet of paper. He says: "I was stiff all over, and I got up and staggered to the end of the car, and what do you think I found?

"Why, I found the porter rolled up on the back seat, in six blankets, fast asleep, the fire gone out, and both doors open, and he was snoring for all that was out, while the car was was going at forty miles an hour across the prairie. Well, I was mad. I took all the blankets away from him, and covered the coon with a piece of oil cloth off the floor, and took a fifty pound piece of ice out of the tank and laid it on his chest and wrapped his arms around it, and shut the doors and went to bed. Pretty soon I heard the colored man begin to talk in his sleep. He said, 'Gway f'um dar wid dem cold feet. I dun tole you never put dem frigerator cars of yours no where near me. Take dem right away or dere's goin' to be a divorce, on de ground of cruelty to animals.' Then the coon woke up and said if he had a 'raazer' he would knife the man that put that ice on him, and pretty soon I heard him building a fire. Now, what I claim is that George Pullman should have made a thermometer in every car, and men enough to keep the temperature about right, and not use a colored man for a thermometer."—*Peck's Sun.*

Got Him There.

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few years ago, a son of the Emerald Isle appeared, and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were through.

"Let him in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we shall have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were not born in this country, were you, my friend?"

"No, sir; I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, he is dead."

"What's your occupation?"

"A horse jockey."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"A horse jockey."

"Did your father ever cheat any one, while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir!"

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To Heaven."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one, I believe."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched through the whole kingdom of Heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

Faith is not yet dead. There has been a new issue of Kelly moter stock.

Lundborg's Perfume. Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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DRY GOODS STORE.

FRAZEE, CONNET & CO.,

659 BROAD STREET.

OUR BLACK SILKS

at $1, $1.25 and $1.50 still continue to lead all others. It is very easy to look at them before purchasing, and if they are not all that is represented we shall not expect to make a sale.

FANCY SILKS

on MONDAY morning at 37½, 50 and 60 cts. per yard.

BEST LINE OF CLOTH SUITINGS

for Street and Traveling Costumes to be found in the city. ESPECIAL MENTION New shades 54 and 6-4 Tricot Cloth Suitings at $1 per yard. Better than anything in New York at the price.

FINE AND EXTRA WIDE

EMBROIDERIES and FLOUNCINGS

ordered in February and March to replenish our stock for May and June are just received, and will prove very attractive. Our stock of these goods is now the freshest and most elegant of any in the city.

All-Over Embroideries and Tuckings

in attractive variety.

ALSO REAL LACES

in Black, Cream and White, Fine, Fancy Laces, Lace Fichus and Collarettes, Fine Ruchings, Children's and Ladies' Made-up Laces, Epaulette Collars, Sash Ribbons, Handkerchiefs and materials for Infants' Wear.

PARASOLS and SUN UMBRELLAS

from the best manufacturers in New York and Philadelphia.

—TO—

OWNERS OF HORSES.

Please Read and Preserve.

Your attention is respectfully solicited to the facilities we are able to offer in all cases coming under our care and attention. The senior partner of our firm, with fifty years practical experience in the

SHOEING OF HORSES

and Treatment of the different Diseases of Feet and Limbs, still continues to give his special attention to all cases of lameness, and feels confident that, where the trouble is amenable to treatment, he can effect a cure.

The Shoeing Department is complete in every respect, and special attention given by competent hands toward improving the gait of the horse.

The completion of our new workshops gives us facilities unsurpassed for the execution of all orders in the way of **Building or Repairing** of your **Rolling Stock.**

Please call at your convenience and examine our facilities and references.

C. L. WARD & SON,

Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

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We have, undoubtedly, the Largest Assortment of CORSETS in this city. Our stock embracing over sixty different styles. Prices from 25 cents to $2.75.

We would call special attention to the following makes and prices:

OUR NEW and BOULEVARD at 50 Cents per Pair,

The BROADWAY and LYDIA for 79 Cents.

At One Dollar we have a very large variety, styles adapted to any figure. Ask to see

OUR OWN, SOLID and ENGLISH SATEEN CORSET.

We keep a full line of Dr. Warner's Corsets, so justly celebrated, Prices, 95 cts., $1.00 and $1.10.

If you want a Comfortable, Satisfactory Corset ask to see our

ROTH'S PATENT DOUBLE BONE.

These goods are made up with special reference to Durability. They fully warrant the large demand they have created. Price only $1.25.

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A. H. VAN HORN & CO.'S PRICE LIST.

Carpets and Furniture.

100 Parlor Suites in Plain and Embossed Silk and Mohair Plushes, Spun and Raw Silks, Rep and Hair cloth, from **$300 down as low as $25.**
75 Walnut Bedroom Suites, 8 pieces, Marble-top, from **$400 down as low as $42.50.**
150 Ash Bedroom Suites, **from $100 down as low as $25.**
200 Enameled Bedroom Suites, from **$50 down as low as $14.50.**
150 Lounges, Patent Bed, common Bed and Single, all kinds of coverings, from **$50 down as low as $4.75.**

CARPETS.

25 pieces of Velvet from $1.75 per yard down to $1.25; 50 pieces of Body Brussels, $1.50 per yard down to $1.25; 150 pieces of Tapestry, from $1 per yard down to 70 cents; 25 pieces of Three-ply from $1.25 per yard down to $1; 200 pieces of Extra Supers from 90 cents down to 75 cents; 800 pieces of low-priced Ingrains, Lists, Rags and Hemps, from 50 cents per yard down to 25 cents. 7000 yards of Oil-cloth, well seasoned, all widths, from 75 cents per yard down to 25 cents.

CHINA MATTING.—Just received, 100 rolls of plain White, Check and Fancy, some as low per yard as fifteen cents.

Besides an immense stock of Pier and Mantel Glasses, Extension Tables, Dining-room Chairs, Bookcases, Chiffonieres, Wardrobes, Marble-top Tables, Lounges of all kinds, Window Shades, Linoleum, Mattresses of all kinds, Children's Carriages, Refrigerators, Wire Safes, Stoves and Ranges, and everything in the housekeeping line at

30 per cent. Below any House in the Trade.

EASY PAYMENTS TAKEN WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE IN ANY PART OF THE STATE.

A. H. VANHORN & CO.,

The Largest and Leading Carpet and Furniture Establishment in the City.

73 Market Street,

Near the Court House. NEWARK, N. J

NOTICE.—To every person Buying to the amount of $20, a numbered check will be given, for which A GRAND PRIZE DRAWING will take place, June 30th, 1884, of the following articles: ONE HANDSOME BEDROOM SUITE, ONE ELEGANT PARLOR SUITE, ONE FINE GENTS' EASY CHAIR, 25 YARDS BRUSSELS CARPET, ONE LADIES' ROCKER, (Latest Style), ONE STOVE, etc. PRIZES VALUED AT $1,000.

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CALL ATTENTION TO THE NEW

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Now finishing daily, and offered at Very Attractive Prices. You should not purchase before examining our large and attractive stock. ***Buying direct from First Hands we save the Commission Profit, and give our customers the Benefit of the same.*** We can confidently assert ***the Best Place*** to buy your Clothing ***for the Least Money*** is at

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